

Spanish Influence Reflected in Autumn and Winter Modes

By JULIA BOTTOMLEY



NEVERTHELESS and notwithstanding the kindly advice of that honored bard of ancient days who said "neither a borrower or a lender be," modern fashionists are doing just that—borrowing ideas right and left from picturesque Old Spain.

All along the line in the autumn and winter style parade, there is evidence of Spanish influence. The world of fashion is being feted with everything from boleros to ponpons, not forgetting quantities of black lace, a profusion of graceful fringe, hand-tooled leather purses, reviving Cordova craftsmanship, gorgeous fans and exotic shawls.

Modernists in the style area are flying the Spanish colors, too—red, yellow and black! A black glove with turn-back cuff of red, if you please, an all black muchly be-flounced black lace frock with a red rose posed on the left shoulder, a street costume of Spanish red tweed topped with a pompon-trimmed toreador sailor. Delightfully Spanish has the color card gone.

In matter of silhouettes there is the adoption of low-positioned very full flares which join the molded-to-the-figure bodice tops, giving long, lithe and slender lines after the manner of the evening frock in the picture which, by the way, is made of Spanish taffeta. Every detail of this costume breathes the atmosphere of Spain from picturesque fan to clicking high-heels.

It is interesting to note how completely the bolero has ingratiated itself into the hearts of dress designers. Both evening and daytime frocks extemporize on the theme, playing it in every possible key, sometimes merely suggesting

through applied trimmings, other times boldly asserting the short jacket cut the Spanish way.

The bolero cloth dress is very much in fashion for youth, the skirt buttoning to a simple little blouse either of a contrasting material, the bolero made with long sleeves, being separate to slip on and off with ease.

Then, too, very formal dine-and-dance frocks are made of hand-some moires, faille silks, taffetas or other rich weaves, which being cut princess in the newer longer lengths, are accompanied with detachable or separate boleros, often of self-fabric, but just as often of spangled net or handsomely beaded velvet or some other equally as intriguing fantasy.

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Lovely Weather

Story for the Little Ones

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"It is getting colder," said Mother dear. "But when my children are young last year it was really nice and icy."

"They didn't mind the cold. I kept them comfortable at first and then they went into the icy water, and loved it, the precious Polar bears."

"Of course when it's winter where the people live they bundle up and shiver."

"They have great enormous fires burning and they live in houses and buildings and apartments that are heated so that we would probably shiver right up and die should we ever get in one."

"We never will, though, will we?" asked a young Polar bear.

"No, we'll never be invited in or taken in, I'm thankful to say, but I hear all this news from those who are called explorers who come to this land."

"I've escaped them, too, I'm thankful to say."

"They called it cold here this summer. Ha, ha, that's a good joke. I, 'But now, I am thankful to say it is getting colder."

"They say that when our cousins in the zoo go into the icy ponds given to them in their dens that the people shiver and draw their furs more closely around themselves."

"They cannot understand our cousins at all. They could never understand us."

"Well," said the young polar bears, "they do not know enough to enjoy lovely cold weather."

"Just the trouble with them," said Mother Polar. "They only go in swimming when it is hot in the summer and then they wear funny bathing suits I've heard."

"Now we go right in just as we are at all times of the year. We don't fuss about our swimming."

"When it is hot I've heard that the zoo keepers give our cousins pieces of ice but oh, they melt so quickly in their hot weather."

"It wouldn't be our sort of weather," said the young polar bears.

"It will never be hot here as it is there," said Mother Polar. "We will always have cold weather."

"It is so generous in our part of the world where it is always lovely and cold, and where there is always plenty of ice, glorious cooling ice."

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Tom's Shack and His Occult Love

Weekly Short Story—By JANE OSBORN

"WHO'S the pretty girl, Tom?" There was surprise in Mrs. Claverly's tone as she looked first at the small photograph print and then at her nephew, Thomas Claverly, seated opposite her.

"Pretty girl?" queried Tom. "Why, in one of these pictures that you gave me to look at here in this envelope that you said contained views of your shack, it's rather queer. There's a girl, big as life and twice as natural standing beside the cabin—that's perfectly clear."

"Let's see," said Tom, stretching a much tanned hand across the table. "To tell the truth, I hadn't seen the prints. I got them on my way home and didn't look at them. But the only pictures I took were of the shack, with one or two of Bob. There weren't any girls there. Good Lord! How the deuce!"

"Tom!" Mrs. Claverly looked intently into her nephew's face. "It's—Tom, I never thought you were psychic enough to have anything like that happen to you. You know that medium had some spirit pictures—"

To all this Tom said "Bosh." And that was all there was to it for several days so far as Tom was concerned. He did not know that the next night, when he was working at the office, his aunt, Mrs. Claverly, went to another of those fool seances, and that she carried with her, carefully wrapped in issue paper, the picture of Tom's mountain shack and his soul-mate—his occult love, as she called it. She showed it proudly to the medium, who made it perfectly clear that the girl in question was still among the living. And she was the soul-mate of the man who lived in the shack. Her spirit was haunting him—

On Tuesday night Tom came home from his office in apparent excitement. He hurriedly fumbled through the pictures in the envelope on the living room table until he found the "spook picture." He studied it carefully, and then looked as carefully at a newspaper clipping that he took from his pocket and then opened and read—or reread—a letter also taken from his pocket.

At dinner he was a little abrupt to his aunt. "Who has had those prints?" he demanded, and the poor aunt hedged, but admitted the truth.

"Do you know the fool medium gave the print to the newspapers, and also gave my name and my business connection? The whole thing came out in a Sunday supplement day before yesterday from the girl—"

"The girl in the picture—your soul-mate? Oh, do let me have the

letter. I must show it to the medium."

"Show it to nobody," said Tom. "You've messed things up enough already."

And that was all the satisfaction that Mrs. Claverly got from Tom. The next morning Tom announced he was going to make a call out of town; he might not be back that night.

Monday at dinner she was frankly repentant.

"You have been so cool to me lately," she said, a little tearfully. "I am sure it was all because of that snapshot of yours. Honestly, I didn't know what the medium was going to do with it, and I hope you'll forgive me—"

"Don't talk about forgiveness, aunt," said Tom. "After all, I'm much obliged to your medium friend. The laugh may be on her after all. But to change the subject, aunt, I want to tell you of my engagement. I feel sure you'll like her. She—"

"But, Tom, how about the spirit girl?"

"That's the girl I'm engaged to. You see—but suppose you let Eleanor explain. I've asked her and her aunt to come to 'ladies' night' at the club tomorrow. You join us."

At the club next night, when the preliminaries of introduction were dispensed, Mrs. Claverly looked long and intently at the girl.

"Excuse me for staring," she said, "but I couldn't believe that

you were really the girl in the picture. So you're Tom's occult sweetheart, after all! Isn't it wonderful to feel—"

"Wasn't it the funniest thing?" giggled Eleanor. "And we are so much obliged to the medium, too, because if it hadn't been for the picture I never would have been able to find Tom. You know how it was? You see, Tom stopped for the night at the hotel where my aunt and I were stopping. I admit that I was attracted from the first and knew that Tom had noticed me, but of course there was no way of our getting an introduction. Well, anyway, the next morning, quite by accident, I left my little camera in the lobby."

"Tom must have left his camera in the lobby, too, and when he went back for it he got mine."

"There must have been a picture of me in the camera he took. He took one over it and made a double exposure. Then when my picture appeared in the paper, all my friends recognized it as me and teased me unmercifully about it. So we wrote, and right away Tom came out to see us and—well, won't it be rich! When we send the announcement of our engagement to the papers we'll let the world know that there really wasn't anything spooky about the pictures after all, because, of course, there never is—"

And so impressed was Aunt Claverly that she merely murmured: "Of course not."

(Copyright.)

HANDSOME ONE-PIECE STREET DRESS



COME what may in the wake of the present sensational onrush of elaborated fashions into the style picture, the prestige of the smartly but simply made one-piece street dress remains unchallenged. As a matter of fact the really swag-ger thing to wear about town is the tailored or rather semi-tailored one-piece gown of some one or other of the delightful new lightweight wools, such as are so widely heralded throughout fashion's realm this season.

A novelty woolen which glistens with rayon interweavings is especially recommended for the making of the modish frock for general daytime wear. It is one of these attractive rayon-wool cloths which serves as the medium for the genteel mode in the picture, the rayon and wool being interwoven in an etamine weave.

Note how eminently up to the demand of fashion is this costume, even to its slightest detail. It suggests the new molded-to-the-form slenderizing lines which are being stressed for the future. Because of the carefully positioned side pleats the hemline flares very properly, as it should. The sleeves display novel and effective treatment at the wrists, while the vestee at the front opening exploits a popular style-formula for this season. The scarf which hints at a cape because of its clever circular-cut, also

answers to the call of the mode. In the current catalogue of fabrics the name rayon appears as frequently and as importantly as silk, wool, cotton or linen. One of the most interesting and deserving-of-mention new rayon manifestations is a series of weaves which have every appearance of handsome wool. The thought which intrigues the practical woman in connection with these marvelous rayon suitings and dress materials, which looks so wool-like only an expert can detect the difference, is the fact that they actually launder as perfectly as cotton or linen.

Rumor has it in regard to the one-piece street dress which is outstanding for immediate wear, that later it is to be topped with an extremely modish short fur jacket.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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Correct Time

Watchmakers tell us that clocks and watches should be wound at the same time each week or day if they are expected to maintain correct time. It is never good to wind them a little at a time. Establish a time to wind your clocks and watches and see how much more reliable they are.

Cat a Bad Patient

In dosing a cat it will be well to wrap her in a towel to prevent scratching. Cats are bad patients, and never seem to realize, as a dog does, that you are trying to alleviate their sufferings. Liquid medicines are most easily given in a fountain-pen filler.

Denver Boy is a Winner



Every mother realizes how important it is to teach children good habits of conduct but many of them fail to realize the importance of teaching their children good bowel habits until the poisons from decaying waste held too long in the system have begun to affect the child's health.

Watch your child and at the first sign of constipation, give him a little California Fig Syrup. Children love its rich, fruity taste and it quickly drives away those distressing ailments, such as headaches, bad breath, coated tongue, biliousness, feverishness, fretfulness, etc. It gives them a hearty appetite, regulates their stomach and bowels and gives tone and strength to these organs so they continue to act normally, of their own accord. For over fifty years, leading physicians have prescribed it for half-sick, bilious, constipated children. More than 4 million bottles used a year shows how mothers depend on it.

Mrs. C. G. Wilcox, 3855½ Wolff St., Denver, Colorado, says: "My son, Jackie, is a prize winner for health, now, but we had a lot of trouble with him before we found his trouble was constipation and began giving him California Fig Syrup. It fixed him up quick, gave him a good appetite, made him sleep fine and he's been gaining in weight right along since the first few days, taking it."

To avoid inferior imitations of California Fig Syrup, always look for the word "California" on the carton.

RADIO-PIANO STORE, coast town of 6,000, So. Calif.; est. 5 yrs., nets \$200 mo. Low rent long lease. Central Inv. Co., 3084 W. Pico, Los Angeles.

A Household Remedy For External Use Only Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh

Money back for first bottle if not suited. All dealers.

Out

The dog trainer needed an assistant in a hurry and it was suggested that the lion tamer might loan him one. But the lion tamer declared there was no chance.

"My boy," said he, "is afraid of dogs."—Louisville Courier Journal.



When Food Sours

Lots of folks who think they have "indigestion" have only an acid condition which could be corrected in five or ten minutes. An effective anti-acid like Phillips Milk of Magnesia soon restores digestion to normal.

Phillips does away with all that sourness and gas right after meals. It prevents the distress so apt to occur two hours after eating. What a pleasant preparation to take! And how good it is for the system! Unlike a burning dose of soda—which is but temporary relief at best—Phillips Milk of Magnesia neutralizes many times its volume in acid.

Next time a hearty meal, or too rich a diet has brought on the least discomfort, try—

PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

HAD TO WORK TOO HARD

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Gave Her Strength

Mt. Carmel, Pa.—"After my second baby was born I had to work too hard and be on my feet too soon because my husband was ill. After his death I was in such a weakened and run-down condition that nothing seemed to help me. I am starting the fourth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel a great deal better. I am much stronger and don't get so tired out when I wash or work hard. I do housekeeping and dressmaking and I highly recommend the Vegetable Compound as a tonic. I will be glad to answer any letters I receive."—Mrs. Gertrude E. Pinkham.



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SUCH IS LIFE—Frivolous Doctor



JUST WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE MATTER WITH THE FLEAS? HOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN SICK?



By Charles Sughroe

The TRAIL OF '98

A Northland Romance

by Robert W. Service

ILLUSTRATIONS BY IRWIN MYERS

CHAPTER X—Continued

Never had I thought of it before. Home! how sweet the word seemed. Mother! yes, mother would comfort me as no one else could. She would understand. Mother and Garry! A sudden craving came over me to see them again. Home! that was the solution of it all. Ah me! I would go home.

"Yes," I said, "I can't go too soon; I'll start tomorrow."

So I rose and proceeded to gather together my few belongings. In the early morning I would start out.

Jim came in and sat down quietly. The old man had been very silent of late. Back in Dawson there was a man whom he hated with the hate that only death can end, but for the peace of his soul he strove to conquer it.

"I've been a-thinkin' out a scheme," said Jim suddenly, "an' I'm a-goin' to put all that twenty-five thousand of mine back into the ground. I can't quit this minin' business."

"What's your scheme, Jim?"

"It's just this: I'm goin' to install a hydraulic plant on my Ophir creek claim. I'm goin' to begin a new era in Klondike minin'."

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, I've written out for pipin' an' a monitor, an' next spring I hope I'll have the plant in workin' order. The stuff's on the way now. Hullo! Come in!"

The visitors were Mervin and Hewson on their way to Dawson. These two men had been successful beyond their dreams. They were offensively prosperous; they recked success.

As I went on with my packing I paid little heed to their talk. What mattered it to me now, this babble of dreams and dust of claims and clean-ups? I was going to thrust it all behind me, blot it clean out of my memory, begin my life anew.

Then all at once I perceived my error. They were talking of the town, of the men and women who were making it famous (or rather infamous), when suddenly they spoke the name Locasto.

"He's gone off," Mervin was saying; "gone off on a big stampede. He got pretty thick with some of the local river Indians, and found they knew of a ledge of high-grade, free-milling quartz somewhere out there in the Sand Back of Beyond. So he's off with an Indian and one companion, that little Irish satellite of his, Pat Doogan. They'll be away all winter."

"What'll become of that girl of his?" asked Hewson, "the last one he's been living with? You remember she came in on the boat with us. Poor little kid! That was a good girl before he got after her."

Hewson growled like a wrathful bear, but Mervin smiled his cynical smile.

"Oh, you mean the Madonna," he said; "why she's gone on the dance halls."

They continued to talk of other things, but I did not hear them any more. I was in a trance, and I only aroused when they rose to go.

"Better say good-by to the kid here," said the Prodigal; "he's going to the old country tomorrow."

"No, I'm not," I answered suddenly; "I'm just going as far as Dawson."

He stared and expostulated, but my mind was made up. I would fight, fight to the last.

Berna on the dance halls—words cannot convey all that this simple phrase meant to me. For two months I had been living in a dull apathy of pain, but this news galvanized me into immediate action.

For although there were many degrees of dance-hall depravity, at the best it meant a brand of ineffaceable shame. She had lived with Locasto, had been recognized as his mistress—that was bad enough; but the other—to be at the mercy of all, to be classed with the harpists that preyed on the Man with the Pike, the vampires of the gold camp. Berna—Oh, it was unappealing! The thought maddened me.

Bidding good-by to the big cabin with my two partners looking ruefully after me, I struck off down Bonanza. All I thought of was Dawson and Berna.

I would make Berna marry me. I cared nothing for what had happened to her. I might be a pariah, an outcast for the rest of my days; at least I would save her, shield her, cherish her. The thought uplifted me, exalted me. What did it matter if physically they had wronged her? Was not the pure, virgin soul of her beyond their reach?

I was just in time to see the last boat go out.

As I strolled the streets I saw many a familiar face. I went into the Parisian restaurant, and there was Madame, harder looking and more vulgarish, a creature of rapacity and sordid lust. I marched up to her and asked abruptly:

"Where's Berna?"

She gave a violent start, as if she was a quality.

"In the Tivoli," she said. Strange again! Now that the worst had come to pass, and I had suffered all that it was in my power to suffer, a new sense of strength and mastery had come to me. The greatest evil had befallen me. Life could do no more to harm me. I had everything to gain and nothing to lose. I cared for no man. I despised them, and, to back me in my bitterness, I had twenty-five thousand dollars in the bank.

I was still weak from my illness and my long mope had worried me, so I went into a saloon and called for drinks. I felt the raw whisky burn my throat. I tingled from head to foot with a strange, pleased warmth. Where was that blither feeling now? As I drank it all seemed to pass away. Magical changes. What a fool I was! What was there to make such a fuss about? It was all a farce anyway. What would it matter a hundred years from now? Again I drank.

How wonderfully strong I felt! I smashed my clenched fist against the bar. My knuckles were bruised and bleeding, but I felt no pain. I ached to fight some one. Then all at once came the thought of Berna. It came with tragical suddenness, with poignant force. Intensely it snote me as never before.

I was drunk, deplorably drunk, and I was bound for the Tivoli.

To the right as I entered the place was a palatial bar set off with burnished brass, beveled mirrors and glittering, vari-colored pyramids of costly liquors. Up to the bar men were bellying, and the bartenders in white jackets were mixing drinks with masterly dexterity. To the left I had a view of the gambling room, a glimpse of green tables, of spinning balls, of cool men, with shades over their eyes, impassively dealing. There were huge wheels of fortune, keno tables, crap outfits, faro layouts, and, above all, the dainty, fascinating roulette. Everything was in full swing. In front of me was a double swing-door painted in white and gold, and pushing through this, for the first time I found myself in a Dawson dance hall.

I sat down on a seat at the very back of the audience. Before me were rows after rows of heads, mostly rough, rugged and unwashed. Their faces were eager, rapt as those of children. They were enjoying, with the deep satisfaction of men who for many a weary month had been breathing the free, unbranded air of the Wild. The sight of a woman was thrillingly sweet; the sound of a song was ravishing. Looking at many of those toll-grooved faces one could see that there was no harm in their hearts. They were honest, uncouth, simple; they were just like children, the children of the Wild.

A little girl was singing, a little, winsome girl with a sweet childish voice and an innocent face. How terribly out of place she looked in that palace of sin. She sang a simple, old-world song full of homely pathos and gentle feeling. As she sang she looked down on those furrowed faces, and I saw that many eyes were dimmed with tears.

As the last echo died away the audience rose as one man, and a shower of nuggets pelted on the stage. Here was something that

I tingled from head to foot with a strange, pleasing warmth.

touched their hearts; stirred in them strange memories of tender, bountiful before them half-forgotten agonies of fireside happiness.

The curtain fell. Men were clearing the floor for the dance, so I went downstairs, pressed my way to the door, and stood there staring and swaying, but whether with wine or weakness I knew not. In the vociferous and flamboyant street I could hear the raucous voices of spicers, the light

CHAPTER XI

SHE was changed, desperately, pitifully changed. All the old sweetness which had made the miners call her the Madonna; but alas, forever gone from her was the fragrant flower of girlhood. Sorrow had kindled in her gray eyes a spiritual luster, a shining, tearless brightness. Ah me, sad, sad, indeed was the change in her!

Her lips moved:

"How you have changed!"

"Yes, Berna, I have been ill. But you, you too have changed."

"Yes," she said very slowly, "I have been—dead."

There was no faltering in her voice, never a throb of pathos. It was like the voice of one who had given up all hope, the voice of one who has arisen from the grave.

"Come upstairs where we can talk," said she. So we sat down in one of the boxes, while a great freezing shadow seemed to fall and wrap us around. We were like two pale ghosts meeting in the misty gulfs beyond the grave.

"And why did you not come?" she asked.

"I would have sold my soul to come. I was ill, desperately ill, right to death. I was in the hospital. For two weeks I was delirious, raving of you, trying to get to you, making myself a hundred times worse because of you. But what could I do? I was out of my mind. Weak as a child, fighting for my life. That was why I did not come."

When I began to speak she started. As I went on she drew a quick, hoking breath. Then she listened ever so intently, and when I had finished a great change came over her. When she spoke her voice was a whisper.

"And they lied to me. They told me you were too eager gold-getting to think of me; that you were in love with some other woman out there; that you cared no more for me. They lied to me. Well, it's too late now."

She laughed, and the once tender voice was harsh and grating. Still were her eyes blank with misery.

I longed to comfort her, to kiss that face so white and worn and weary, to bring tears to those hopeless eyes. There seemed to grow in me a greater hunger for the girl than ever before, a longing to bring joy to her again, to make her forget. What did it all matter? She was still my love. I yearned for her. We both had suffered, both been through the furnace. Surely from it would come the love that passeth understanding.

"Berna," I said, "it is not too late. We have both been miserably duped. Never mind, Berna, we will forget all. I love you. Let us forget and go away and be happy."

It seemed as if my every word was like a stab to her. The sweet face was tragically wretched.

"Oh, no," she answered, "it can never be. You think it can, but it can't. You could not forget. I could not forget. We would both be thinking; always, always, torturing each other. Our home would be a haunted one, a place of ghosts. Never again can there be joy between you and me. It's too late, too late!"

She was choking back the sobs now, but still the tears did not come.

"Berna," I said gently, "I think I could forget. Please give me a chance to prove it. I know it was not your fault. I know that spiritually you are the same pure girl you were before."

"No, I was not to blame. When you failed to come I grew desperate. When I wrote you and still you failed to come I was almost distracted. Night and day he was persecuting me. The others gave me no peace. If ever a poor girl was humiliated to dishonor I was. Yet I had made up my mind to die rather than yield. Oh, it's too horrible."

"Never mind, dear, don't tell me about it."

"When I awoke to life, sick, sick for many days, I wanted to die, but I could not. I was so weak, so ill, so indifferent to everything that it did not seem to matter. That was where I made my mistake. I should have killed myself. Oh, there's something in us all that makes us cling to life in spite of shame. But I would never let him come near me again. And though, when he went away I've gone into this life, there's never been anyone else. I've danced with them, laughed with them, but that's all. You believe me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Thank God for that? And now we must say good-by. I would not spoil your life. You know how proud I am, how sensitive. I would not give you such a shock. Once I would have given myself to you gladly, but now—please go away. Leave me, please."

"Leave you—to what?"

"To death, ruin—I don't know what. If I'm strong enough, I will die. If I am weak I will sink in the mire."

"Berna will you marry me?"

"No! No! No!"

"Berna, I will never leave you. Here I tell you frankly, plainly. I don't know whether or not you still love me—you haven't said a word to show it—but I know I love you, and I will love you as long as life lasts. I will never leave you. Listen to me, dear; let us go away, far, far away. You will forget, I will forget. Come with me, O my love! Have pity on me, Berna, have pity. Marry me. Be my wife."

She merely shook her head, stilling there cold as a stone.

"Then," I said, "if you call yourself dishonored, I, too, will become dishonored. We will go down together, you and I. Oh, I would rather die with you, than rise with the living."

"You have chosen—well, I have chosen. You will see me myself in shame, then when I am a hundred shades blacker than ever hope to be, my angel,

you will stoop and pity me. We'll go down together, dear. Hand in hand hellward we'll go down, we'll go down."

She was looking at me in a frightened way. A madness seemed to have gotten into me.

"Berna, you're on the dance halls. You're at the mercy of the vilest wretch that's got an ounce of gold in his filthy poke. They can buy you as they buy white flesh anywhere on earth. Berna, I can buy you. Come, dance with me, drink with me. We'll live. We'll eat, drink and be merry. On with the dance! Oh, for the joy of life! Since you'll not be my love you'll be my light-of-love. Come, Berna, come!"

I paused. With head lying on the cushioned edge of the box she was crying.

"Will you come?" I asked again. She did not move.

"Then," said I, "there are others, and I have money, lots of it. I can buy them. I am going down into the vortex. Look on and watch me."

I left her crying.

With shame I write the following passages. Would I could blot them out of my life. To this day there must be many who remember my meteoric career in the firm-

ment of fast life. It did not last long, but in less than a week I managed to squander a small fortune.

I drink and I drink. It seems to me I am always drinking. Rarely do I eat. I am one of half a dozen spectacular "live ones." All the camp is talking of us, but it seems to me I lead the bunch in the race to ruin. I wonder what Berna thinks of it all. Was there ever such a sensitive creature? Where did she get that obstinate pride? Remonstrantly the Prodigal speeds to town.

"Are you crazy?" he cries. "I don't mind you making an ass of yourself, but lushing around all that coin the way you're doing—it's wicked; it makes me sick. Come home at once."

"I won't," I say. "What if I am crazy? Isn't it my money? When the money's gone I'll quit. I'm having the time of my life. Don't come spoiling it with your precepts."

He goes away shaking his head. I am in a box at the Pacific Grand. The place is packed with rowdy men and ribald women. I am at the zenith of my shame. Right and left I am buying wine.

How I loathe myself! But I think of Berna, and the thought goes to fresh excesses. I will go on till flesh and blood can stand it no longer, till I drop in my tracks. I realize that somehow I must make her pity me, must awake in her that guardian angel which exists in every woman. Only in that way can I break down the barrier of her pride and arouse the love latent in her heart.

Always amid that lurid carnival of sin floats the figure of Blossom, Blossom with her child-face of dazzling fairness, her china-blue eyes, her round, smooth cheeks. How different from the pinched pallid face of Berna! Poor, poor Berna! I never see her, but amid all the saturnalia she haunts me. The thought of her is agony. I know she watches me. If she would only stoop and save me now! Or have I not fallen low enough? I must go deeper yet. Faster and faster must I swirl into the vortex.

In all that fierce madness of debauch, thank God, I retained my honor. They beguiled me, they tried to lure me into their rooms; but at the moment I went to enter I recoiled. It was as if an invisible arm stretched across the doorway and barred me out.

And Blossom, she, too, tried so hard to lure me, and because I resisted it inflamed her. She would coax me with the prettiest gestures, and cajole me with the sweetest endearments; then, when I steadfastly resisted her, she would fly into a fury and flout me with the foulest of the stews.

It was in one of the corridors of the dance hall in the early hours of the morning. The place was deserted, strewn with debris of the night debauch. We were up there, Blossom and I. I was in a strange state of mind, a state bordering on frenzy. No longer, I felt, could I keep up this pace. Something had to happen, and that soon.

She put her arms around me. "Come," she said, "follow me."

She led me toward her room. No longer was I able to resist. My foot was on the threshold and I was almost over when—

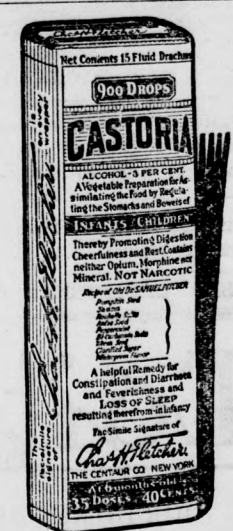
"Telegram,"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

When BABIES are upset

Baby ills and ailments seem twice as serious at night. A sudden cry may mean colic. Or a sudden attack of diarrhea—a condition it is always important to check quickly. How would you meet this emergency—tonight? Have you a bottle of Castoria ready? There is nothing that can take the place of this harmless but effective remedy for children; nothing that acts quite the same, or has quite the same comforting effect on them.

For the protection of your wee one—for your own peace of mind—keep this old, reliable preparation



tion always on hand. But don't keep it just for emergencies; let it be an everyday aid. Its gentle influence will ease and soothe the infant who cannot sleep. Its mild regulation will help an older child whose tongue is coated because of sluggish bowels. All druggists have Castoria; the genuine bears Chas. H. Fletcher's signature on the wrapper.

Areas Reserved for Birds

Forty bird sanctuaries have been reserved in Canada by the department of the interior under the migratory birds convention act, which is the federal law for the protection of migratory birds. There are also fifty one public shooting grounds reserved by the Dominion government in western Canada. Shooting is allowed on these latter areas in the open season.

Prodigies

Mother—Why are you and little sister doing all that chattering at each other?

Johnny—We're playing talking movies, mamma!

Whatever your plans are to be happy, they usually have to be put off till the hot weather is over.

Nicotine and Soap Best

There are many ingredients used in contact insecticides but nothing better than a combination of nicotine sulphate and soap has been devised says Nature Magazine. Nicotine sulphate may be purchased from florists and seed houses and is used at the rate of one teaspoonful to a gallon of water together with one ounce of laundry soap or fish oil soap. Various nicotine dusts are also available.

Russ Ball Blue delights the housewife. Makes clothes whiter than snow. At your Grocer's.—Adv.

His Strong Point

Julie—Teddy is awfully interesting. Joan—Is he, really?

Julie—Yes, he can listen for hours on any subject.—Philadelphia Bulletin



The Mark of Genuine Aspirin..

BAYER ASPIRIN is like an old friend, tried and true. There can never be a satisfactory substitute for either one. Bayer Aspirin is genuine. It is the accepted antidote for pain. Its relief may always be relied on, whether used for the occasional headache, to head-off a cold, or for the more serious aches and pains from neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism or other ailments. It's easy to identify Bayer Aspirin by the Bayer Cross on every tablet, by the name Bayer on the box and the word "genuine" always printed in red.



Fixing the Detour

"What? The main road to Blinksville is open all the way?"

"Yes, we had to open it until we get the detour fixed."—Buffalo Times.

Scandinavian Mythology

The Edda is the book of the mythological lore of Scandinavia by Snorri Sturluson in the Thirteenth century.

A Wedding Belle

Blinks—She's been quite a belle in her day. Married four times.

Jinks—Had four men ring her, eh?

Humility is a feeling not to be displayed.

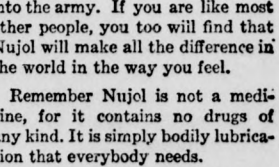
Don't worry if you are dead in love; you will come to life again.

When a White Collar Man "Goes Army"

Perhaps he doesn't learn a few things!

DON'T envy a man who "only has to work a typewriter." So we were told by Mr. Selon S. Bloom of 3503 Woodbrook Avenue, Baltimore, Md., whose health began to give way because his work gave him no bodily exercise.

"I decided to get away to a military training camp," says Mr. Bloom, "thinking the rough and tumble with the army would do me good for a month. I asked the doctor what to do about my condition. 'I've seen men, I've known men,' he said. 'I know what they eat, drink, and how they live. I know cathartics, physics, and all the ways men try to keep themselves regular—and the only two that go together well are men and Nujol. Nujol soothes and heals the membranes and expels bodily poisons normally, naturally, easily, so that you are regular as clock-work.'"



into the army. If you are like most other people, you too will find that Nujol will make all the difference in the world in the way you feel.

Remember Nujol is not a medicine, for it contains no drugs of any kind. It is simply bodily lubrication that everybody needs.

You can get a bottle of Nujol at any good drug store, in a sealed package, for the price of a couple of good cigars. If you will start today and try it for two weeks you will agree that Nujol is the easy normal way to keep well and make a success out of your life. You will be astonished at the results!

That was what Mr. Bloom learned when he left his typewriter and went

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Editorial

OUR HOMES ARE OUR CASTLES

Down deep in every man's heart and in the soul of every woman, there exists a desire for a home that is all their own. There is an ever constant longing for a plot of ground with a house on it that they can gaze at with pride and say, "This Is Our Home." A home is a shelter from more than the elements. Home ownership adds to the financial security and social prestige of a family as can nothing else.

It's easy to own a home in Campbell. Here you will find many willing hands extended to aid you in buying or building, to show you how to avoid mistakes and even to help you in financing your home. Every year the number of home owners is increasing as people realize how simple the buying or building of a home really is.

What home ownership means to the individual, the family and the community has been well summed up by the president of the United States, the honorable Herbert Hoover, in the following words:

"A family that owns its home takes a pride in it, maintains it better, gets more pleasure out of it, and has a more wholesome, healthful and happy atmosphere in which to bring up children.

"The home owner has a constructive aim in life. He works harder outside of his home; he spends his leisure more profitably, and his family live a finer life and enjoy more of the comforts and cultivating influences of our modern civilization.

"A husband and wife who own their home are more apt to save. They have an interest in the advancement of a social system that permits the individual to store up the fruits of his labor. As direct tax payers, they take a more active part in local government. Above all, the love of home is one of the finest instincts and the greatest inspirations of our people."

As will be seen by the page advertisement elsewhere in this issue of the Campbell Press which is sponsored by a group of our progressive business men, a request has been made for an exchange of ideas or additional ideas on this subject. The end sought is to interest those not now home owners, especially the younger married people, in giving the matter serious thought.

Buying a home affords an excellent opportunity to broaden the vision and extend the business education to an extent never fully realized until participation therein has been experienced.

Become a home owner here in Campbell and become a permanent fixture. It is a safe and sound investment.

WISE RULES

The New York state conservation department has made 11 wise rules for the prevention of hunting accidents.

As men take to the fields and woods, these rules deserve wide circulation. They are sensible. All hunters, in every part of the country, would do well to follow them. We print them herewith:

Never carry loaded guns in automobiles or other vehicles.

When afield hunting birds, keep abreast of and know the exact location of your companion.

In loading never point a gun in the direction of your companion.

In climbing over stone walls and fences, first break or unload your gun.

A bird quartering to the right in the vicinity of your hunting companion should never be fired on by a hunter on the extreme left and vice versa.

Never leave a loaded gun leaning against a tree or lying on the ground where a dog may get at it.

Always keep your gun pointed away from your companions when you stop to talk.

In handing a gun to a person for inspection, be sure it is unloaded.

Never shoot in the direction of your companions because you consider yourself a good marksman; you are taking a dangerous chance.

Carry a gun pointed down to the left. If you shoot left handed walk at the extreme right of the party.

At all times be careful.

NATURAL GAS

**Reduces
FUEL COSTS**

Special Offer

by the
P.G. and E.

of

modern gas-fired heating equipment

Pleasant memories of a warm home—what a happy thought as each winter closes!



Up-to-date gas-fired heating equipment requires no work or attention on your part. It orders its own fuel. It is inexpensive to put into your home. It is healthful heating. And gas fuel itself is more responsive to quick, safe automatic control.

The Warm Air Furnace

With the warm air furnace, you touch a button on a little electrical control upstairs for more warmth. Think how nice this will be in the early morning — reach out of bed and touch this button. Or the furnace can be entirely automatic if you wish. You never have to attend it all winter long.

The modern, warm air furnace brings you cleanliness and healthful heating for the entire home. All products of combustion go outdoors through a chimney without mingling with the warm air that circulates throughout your home.

The price of this furnace is reasonable. And when installed correctly, you are sure of clean, comfortable heating for long years. You can have one installed for a small down payment and easy monthly payments. Liberal allowance for old heating equipment.

Gas-fired Boilers for Steam or Hot Water Heating

Here is the most completely automatic of all heating systems—the gas-fired steam or hot water boiler. You light the tiny pilot-light and forget about heating. Every day your entire home stays at a uniform, thermometer-measured temperature. The boiler automatically shuts down at night. In the morning it wakes up before you do and warms the house. It orders its own fuel. No janitor is needed.



Gas-fired boilers are well adapted to large buildings and apartment houses for both heating and hot water requirements.

No investment will give you so much heating comfort, so much cleanliness, so much freedom from care as will the gas-fired boiler. Terms can be arranged, if you wish, with a small first payment. Liberal allowance for old heating equipment.

Room Heaters

This modern gas-fired equipment heats 2 to 4 rooms by circulating, warm air. It has a new type of highly efficient burner completely enclosed to insure absolute safety. Only pure warm air enters the room.

The Heatrola gives you comfort, convenience, cleanliness and health. A small down payment installs one. Liberal allowance for old heating equipment.

The Floor Furnace

The cold air in the room is drawn off the floor and passes over the hot outside of the steel firebox. The cold air warms, rises and circulates about the room. One floor furnace will heat one or two rooms in the coldest weather. Here is a very quick heater.

All products of combustion are vented outdoors. Thus, only pure, healthful heat flows into your home. For only a small down payment you can have one installed.



No basement is required. Liberal allowance for old heating equipment. Four sizes to choose from.

Fireplace Heaters

Here is radiant heat like the sunshine, so good for human bodies. This heater supplants the lack of sunshine we get on dull winter days. Have one installed in your fireplace. Light it—quickly it takes away the chill. It's economical, too. Costs an average of 2c an hour to operate.

There is one suitable for any fireplace, in colors and designs to conform to any decorative scheme. We'll install one in your fireplace for a small down payment.

Heating equipment featured by the P G and E has been awarded the American Gas Association's Blue Star of Approval.

Phone or call your dealer or at our House Heating Department. We have heating experts to help you choose reliable equipment best adapted to the heating of your individual home or building. This equipment is guaranteed by the Pacific Gas and Electric Company.

PACIFIC GAS AND ELECTRIC COMPANY

P · G · and · E ·

Owned - Operated
by Cal

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

FIRST INSTALMENT

"The game is this," announced Mrs. Clary. Flushed, moist with the twin effects of excitement and a humid tropical night, not to mention one tiny glass too many of the champagne whose bursting corks had lent a Fourth-of-July tone to the party, she stood upon a chair and waved a bunch of ribbons.

Her guests eyed her languidly. Mrs. Clement Clary — "Copper" Clary's second wife, who had cost him, he not infrequently said, hell, headlines and five millions in cash (the first Mrs. Clary had refused stocks, bonds, other negotiable instruments or real estate, when she had finally yielded to his demands for a divorce)—had a reputation for putting a touch of the bizarre into every party she gave, and those present were willing to stop flirtation, scandal, and talk of real estate for a moment.

"We go to the pool," said the hostess.

Several guests groaned slightly. One young man, Billy Leeson, turned to the pretty brunette beside him.

"I'm a hard-working lawyer, down her for a fortnight to recoup from typhoid. I wish to goodness somebody'd think of a party that didn't mean swimming with your clothes on. I've two dinner suits down here; one's been ruined by salt water; I refuse to spoil this."

"Sh-sh!" said the girl. "When Mrs. Clary chalks her cue she usually pockets the ball."

"Honest, you seem rapt and excited and everything."

"Why shouldn't I be?" demanded the girl.

The lawyer shrugged. "I don't know. Only, you seem a shade different from the rest of the crowd here. Nicer, not so—so rowdy."

"Just a dear, home-loving maiden—the kind to make some man happy, eh?" jeered the girl. "Now tell me I'm wholesome and I'm my evening completely."

"You don't mean that," said Leeson, blushing.

"Don't I?" There was a harsh quality in the girl's laughter which consoled her with the gay eyes, the generous mouth, and the smooth youth of her. "And where did you learn so much about me, Mr. Leeson?"

The young man's embarrassment was painful.

"I didn't mean that—that I knew anything about you, only—well, you are wholesome. I don't care if it angers you or not. That's what you are."

For a moment it seemed as if she would take issue with him, debate the trivial matter; then she laughed, patted him lightly on the cheek, and said:

"Really, you're a sweet boy. And—but you mustn't tell it to a soul—sometimes I believe that I am an old-fashioned girl at heart. Remember me kindly in your evening prayers, won't you?" And the jeer in her last sentence banished the effect of intimacy that had been created by her earlier words. She moved slightly away from him, and paid attention to her hostess.

"In days of old," went on Mrs. Clary, "fair ladies were wont to give guerdons to their brave knights—a lock of hair, a jewel, a ribbon, and sometimes, even, a garter."

"The pretty custom of our ancestors has given me an idea for tonight's party. I have here 16 anklets. To each man here I will give one. We will all go to the pool. The ladies will stand in the shallow water. The gentlemen, each holding an anklet, will dive from the deep end. Swimming under water, the gentlemen will endeavor to fasten anklets upon the limbs of the ladies. No fair inching away. Thus will partners be arranged for the rest of the evening's entertainment."

The pretty brunette turned to Leeson.

"We rarely go too far," she smiled. "This, which promised well, has developed into an ordinary moonlight swim. The bold garter becomes the timid anklet." She looked at him queerly. "I'll be standing at the edge of the pool," she said.

"Is that an invitation?" he asked. She exhaled fiercely as though puffing away a strand of hair that annoyed her.

"If Venus asked you for a stroll you'd want to know if she was married, my cautious friend."

"You needn't bother; only—"

"Only what?" he inquired, as she paused.

"Nothing at all," she replied.

She turned away from him again, and in that moment the diner broke up. Three men pounced upon her; she was dragged away by them. He spoke to a man whom he knew.

"I'm rotten at catching names," he said, "and I didn't get a glance at the card by her plate. Who is that girl?"

"Your dinner partner? That's Lucy Harkness; 'Devil-May-Care,' everybody calls her. She was 16 when we entered the war. Disappeared from home and her parents were nearly frantic. Lied about her age, her family, everything; managed to get over there. Decorated by Joffre himself."

"Nurse?" asked Leeson.

"At that age?" His acquaintance laughed. "Lord no! Went as entertainer—sang—danced. Heaven knows where she picked it all up. Turned down all sorts of offers for musical comedy since. Got nearer the front than any American woman. Gassed in a sudden attack, was given the right by Pershing to wear a wound stripe. Don't tell me you've never heard of her!"

"Of course I have," said Leeson.

"Only, I didn't recognize her."

"Well, you must have felt the evening's hate directed at you!" laughed the other. "Every man here has been dying of jealousy. You must have a drag with the Clarys, to be placed next to her."

He had met Devil-May-Care! Well, he was glad that he had not met her earlier. Otherwise—he was an extremely sane young man—leaving Palm Beach would not have been easy. In one brief hour at dinner she had left marks upon his

rebutted, whom he had told she was too nice for this gathering tonight. He colored painfully. A prig, that's what he was. And she had mocked him, saying she was an old-fashioned girl at heart. And then, when this chastest of all Dianias had tendered an invitation, he had not the wit to grasp it instantly, but must clumsily ask her to tell him in words of one syllable. Callow, that was the word.

His feet lagged, and he was last at the pool. The men had disdained bathing suits and, diner coated and patent-leathered, stood laughing by the diving board. The women were now tripping down to the shallow end; toes tested the temperature of the water, and shrill shrieks drowned the mirth of the men.

A tall, Viking-like man edged him to one side.

"Stand anywhere else, young fellow," he chuckled, "but give me the pole. This anklet fits a certain girl and I'm the bad boy who's going to put it on her."

Leeson eyed the man resentfully, and yet even in his resentment would have granted the charm of the blond giant. He had met him before, and had heard much of him. Stevens was his name, Tim Stevens. He possessed all those things which Leeson lacked: wealth, assured position, and the things which accompany them. Leeson remembered now that all through dinner Stevens had called across the table to Lucy Harkness, had raised his glass to her, indeed had never seemed to take his eyes off her.

The air was rent with shrieks and cheers. Quite evidently many of the women standing waist deep in the water had certain cavaliers whom they preferred to be the ones to place the girdles of temporary part-



"... Sometimes I believe I am an old-fashioned girl... at heart..."

soul. He knew that. Now, strolling with the laughing crowd toward the pool, with them but in no way of them, he re-created in his mind her features, her expressions, remembered all he had read of her in the fevered Sunday supplements. She could drive an airplane; she'd shot a tiger; she'd climbed mountains; she'd debonairly skipped her own speed boat out to rum row off the Jersey coast, and in extenuation thereof told a thrilled world that she wanted to meet men who were the spiritual heirs of L'Olonnois, Blackbeard, Lafitte, and the rest. Scandal always hovered about and around her, but not even its shadow rested upon her. Her friends, the press and public—everyone seemed to consider her a unique type, one to whom anything was possible and whom nothing smirched. There was, for instance, the tip that had been given by a revengeful discharged maid, to the effect that Lucy Harkness was having an affair with Ted Kelly, the lightweight contender. She was found at his camp in the Catskills, unchaperoned, a lone woman amid a dozen pluguglies. Yet her announcement that she had bet twenty thousand dollars on Kelly and intended to see to it that the contender trained properly, was accepted approvingly by all the world. The world also thought it perfectly proper for Lucy Harkness to have gone into training with Kelly. She did road work, boxed, skipped roap, and frankly told reporters all about it. When Kelly met the champion she sat near his corner and was the first to clasp his hand when the champion counted out.

And this was the girl the

nership upon their limbs, for they clapped their hands and cried certain names. Leeson, dropping at once into the crawl, in a side glance took in the fact that Stevens was at his right, a trifle to the rear. He felt an exultation at the little triumph. He'd show this hulking brute...

A hand clutched at his ankle; he went under, strangling, unprepared for anything like this. He could feel that whoever had unfairly detained him was using his body as something to pull himself ahead; then he sank to the bottom of the pool, as a foot spurned him and the unfair competitor shot ahead. He came up to see Stevens within a yard of Lucy Harkness.

He swam to them as Stevens, his dripping features twisted in a triumphant smile, bent over and dipped his hands below the surface of the water. Leeson tapped the man on the shoulder.

"I claim a foul," he said quietly.

"I like winners," the girl said carelessly. "Losers always claim fouls." She turned to Stevens. "Where do we go from her, Tim?" There was a final dismissal in her attitude.

"I knew," boasted Tim Stevens, "that even though our hostess didn't seat us together, we'd be together before the evening ended."

"Insight, intuition, or logical reasoning?" inquired Lucy Harkness.

"Logical reasoning," he returned. "I know what I want, and so far I've always got it."

"So far?" she echoed. "But there must always be a Waterloo, must there?"

He shook his head.

"Not at all."

"Wonder," she said. "I wonder if winners are content all the time."

"Why not?" he demanded. "Do the givers look happy? Watch them, waiting on table, driving taxis, living in tenements, starving; the takers rule, my dear. But we aren't to philosophize; we're to enjoy the evening. Come."

They were sitting on the edge of the pool, their feet paddling in the water. Across the pool young Leeson was leading a young girl from the water.

"Where?" she asked.

"To the Minerva," he told her. She looked at him thoughtfully.

"What's the idea, Tim?"

"A little sail down the lake, a cozy supper for two."

"But we are guests of Mrs. Clary," she reminded him. "We can't be running away like—"

"Why not? Has she said what 'the rest of the evening' is? Didn't she say that we were to be partners? You know what these parties are like; you come and go. Are you a quitter?"

"You know better," she reminded him. Her voice was languid, dulled, as though interest had departed from the night.

"Then let's go," he said.

Still she lingered, watching a couple mount the steps leading from the water; his eyes followed hers. He turned back to her.

"Did the wrong man win the race to you?" he demanded.

She twisted her pretty shoulders.

"That's a fallacy, that rot about the best man losing. The right man always wins. I mean, the man who is meant to win any particular thing wins it. He may not be as good or as strong or as clever as the loser, but just the same, the stars in their courses are not more inevitably sure to travel the paths laid out than was the winner certain to win."

"Fatalist! Well, sometimes it's a comfortable faith. And as I was destined to beat young Leeson, stop looking regretfully after him." (Continued Next Week)

Campbell Union High School Notes

The Girls' League of the Campbell Union High school will have charge of this column and will fill it with news written by the students to let the people of Campbell know that our school, is on the map and has some pep. Reporters have been appointed in each organization to report to the editor-in-chief and her assistant. They are:

Editor-in-Chief Helen Buck
Assistant Ruth Bollinger
Senior Reporter Vesta Anderson
Junior Reporter Muriel Crothers
High Soph Mary Jackson
Low Soph Dorothea Willis

High Frosh Daphne Marden
Low Frosh Idell Fulton
Girl's League Ruth Lydell

SENATOR BENSON SPEAKS

The high school students were honored by a talk from the head of the state department of narcot-

ics, Senator Benson. He gave an entirely different view of the problem from that which is commonly taken. The stories and articles which we read are radical. He says that most addicts are people who, because of bad habits of some kind, have already given up all hope in life. Only a few addicts are those who are seeking an extra thrill and

(Continued on Page 8)

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY SPECIALS

Martinell's Apple Cider, Gal. glass jug.	83c
Brazil Nuts, fancy large, 2 lbs.	35c
Almonds, Blue Diamond, 1 lb.	37c
Filberts, imported from Sicily, 1 lb.	19c
Del Monte Sliced Peaches, No. 21-2 can	24c
Dunbar Oysters, 5 ounce can	15c
Snowdrift, 3 lb. can	71c
Chips, large package	19c
Comet Rice Flakes, 2 pkgs.	25c
Boyden's Honey, 32 oz. jar	49c
Lint Starch, pkg.	9c
Calo Dog Food, 2 cans	23c
Leslie Shaker Salt, full 2 lb. shaker	9c

PARA-DI-CHLORO BENZENE for tree borers. Now is the time to apply

We carry ORTHO Brand in all sizes

COVER CROP SEED

Melilotus Vetch Barley

GET OUR PRICES

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 37

Service and Dependability.

Warning!

For the past ten years we have pumped out more water from our valley than nature has put in

We must now help nature to put more in

This can be done by saving the floods that run off to the bay each winter

The issue in the election is:

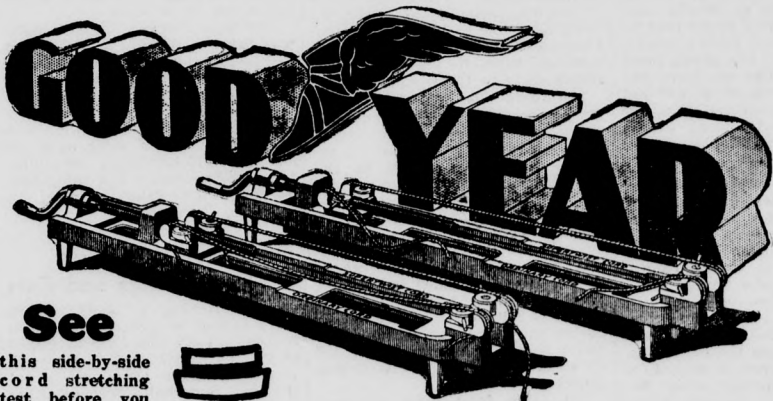
SHALL WE CONSERVE THE WATERS THAT NOW ARE BEING ALLOWED TO RUN TO WASTE?

FOR CONSERVATION VOTE "YES" ON NOV. 5th

Polls Open 8 a. m. to 7 p. m., Campbell Grammar School

Water Conservation Committee

LeRoy Anderson, Chairman — R. P. Van Orden, Sec.



See

this side-by-side cord stretching test before you buy.



Demand Proof!—

Conversation is cheap. Claims are easy to make. When anybody tries to tell you that he has "as good a tire as a Goodyear"—or perhaps "a better tire"—make him PROVE IT! He can't! But WE CAN AND WILL PROVE IT TO YOU why Goodyears can't be equalled! Come in—see the patented Supertwist Cord used only in Goodyear Tires stretched beside the regular standard cord. You'll be surprised! Demand proof of us—have it!

Lowest Prices on Finest Tires Goodyear Has Ever Built!

HALIWELL & JONES

Opposite Schools

Campbell, Calif.

Prize Setter for the President



Southboro Markham, a sixteen-months-old prize English setter, has been sent to President Hoover by D. C. Kok of Palo Alto, Calif., shown with the dog in the photograph. Southboro Markham is a son of Southboro Savanna, a celebrated cup winner.

SLAIN IN WEIRD MINE VENDETTA

Wealthy Recluse Is Victim of Mysterious Murder Rivaling Fiction.

Santa Fe, N. M.—The little artist colony of Taos, N. M., is thrilling to a murder mystery which rivals the weirdest tales of fiction. On July 3 A. R. Manby, wealthy and aged English recluse, was found dead in the library of his 18-room home there, his body clad in a nightgown and his severed head in a nearby room. Manby had lived alone in this big house, well furnished and adorned with valuable oriental rugs and art treasures, with two ferocious police dogs as his only companions. One lived in the house with him, the other he kept chained at the main entrance. Manby for years had lived in fear of his life. Manby was last seen alive on June 30, but entries in a diary he kept indicated that he was still alive the following day. On July 3 the police were notified by persons whose names are withheld that he had not been seen for several days and that there was reason to believe him dead. An officer entered the house, after killing the dog at the door, to find the man's dead body.

Natural Death, First Verdict.
A coroner's jury decided that Manby had met his death from natural causes and that the second dog had mauled the body and bitten through the spine, carrying the head into the other room. Manby was buried at once.

Rumors persisted, however, that Manby had been murdered, and state officials began an investigation, placing the task in the hands of Henri Martin, a skilled French detective who has been living in the West for the last two years because of his wife's ill health.

Acting on the evidence Martin secured, the body of Manby was exhumed and it was found that he had been murdered with a sawed-off shotgun, which had blown away his right jaw. The murderer had then severed the head, picked out all the gunshot from the chest and head and placed the head in the room where it was found.

A Sinister Background.
In the next few days evidence was discovered which forms the background for this amazing murder.

In 1865 a man named Stone discovered a mine in Colfax county which he named the Mystic mine. Two years later he met a man named Ferguson, with whom he formed a partnership, and some ore was taken from the claim. In 1870 other prospectors staked a claim five miles distant, which became the world famous Aztec mines, one of the richest gold claims in the world.

Soon after its discovery a third man appeared. He was known as a prospector and in the region was suspected of being a "high grader," a man who while working on a property appropriates to himself gold dust and nuggets. He is rumored to have reached some sort of an understanding with Stone and Ferguson and gone to work at the Aztec claim. From his advent

It Takes Time to Grasp This

Mangum, Okla. — Luther Gilliam, Mangum, not only is the youngest grandfather in Oklahoma, but he also has the distinction of being the uncle of his grandsons.

Gilliam's daughter, Mrs. Olin Smith, is the wife of the twin brother of Gilliam's second wife.

Smith's two sons are grandsons of their father's brother-in-law, Mrs. Gilliam, Mrs. Smith's step-mother, is the aunt of Mrs. Smith's two sons. The twin brother of Mrs. Gilliam is her step-son. Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Gilliam's stepdaughter, is also her sister-in-law.

Gilliam, now thirty-nine, was a grandfather at thirty-five. Being doubly related to the Smiths, the small Smith boys have plenty of affection bestowed on them—the love of a grandfather, grandmother, aunt and uncle concentrated in two persons.

Bloodhounds Trail Stolen Ham and Eggs

Staunton, Va.—Bloodhounds were used in a chase to recover possession of four hams and twenty dozen eggs stolen from the smokehouse of J. W. Williams, near Greenville. The property was recovered recently in a local hotel by county police, who arrested two men on a charge of stealing it and selling it to the hotel.

Mr. Williams put the bloodhounds on a trail at his smokehouse and they led to a place where the thieves had entered an automobile. Williams suspected a man who had worked for him, and the dogs were taken in the vicinity of the man's home, where they picked up a trail ending with the investigators finding traces of hams in the man's car.

W. A. Agner and James Dunn were arrested on the street here later, and it was learned they had sold some produce to the hotel.

At the hotel the manager identified the suspects, according to police, as having sold him the four hams and twenty dozen eggs. Agner and Dunn are in jail. No date has been set for the hearing.

Traffic Officer Nabs Eel for Jaywalking

Stockholm.—To arrest an eel for jaywalking must be regarded as an unusual duty for a traffic policeman. Still, this happened in Stockholm recently near the royal palace when an eel was found wriggling across the street. A crowd speedily gathered, blocking traffic, and then a policeman hovered in view. For many vain attempts to get hold of the slithering fish the officer finally managed with the aid of some newspapers to secure a firm grip on it, after which he trotted it off to the police station. There it was found that it had slipped from a truckload of eels, which had passed down the street from the fish market.

Refrigerated Homes in Paris With Scented Air

Paris.—Refrigerated apartments with scented air are now being built in Paris. On a hot day madame and monsieur can order for their guests cooled air laden with the fragrance of a pine forest or, if preferred, ocean air with salty breezes. In winter, warm air smelling of the Riviera and jungle blooms can be produced just as easily.

Prince Gustav Adolf Rides in Steeplechase

Stockholm.—Prince Gustav Adolf, son of the crown prince, bought a mount of his own to ride in the opening spring steeplechases at Malmo.

The prince rode in the 3,500-meter event and intends to be a regular competitor.

216 DISTINCT RELIGIOUS BODIES IN THIS COUNTRY

One Hundred Minor Sects Have 2,000,000 Adherents, According to Recent Survey.

New York.—If asked to name the churches and creeds existing in America the average man could enumerate probably 15 or 20, by thinking hard—a list beginning alphabetically with Adventists and ranging through the well-established sects to Universalists.

He would miss his mark by approximately 200, for by the most authoritative figures obtainable there are at least 216 distinct religious bodies now active in the United States, according to Charles W. Ferguson, who surveys this variegated religious growth in World's Work.

There are 19 divisions of Methodism now functioning, Ferguson shows. Baptist bodies number 18. Presbyterianism has 9 different bodies of adherents, and there are 22 kinds of Lutheran churches, 17 major bodies of Mennonites, and 7 divisions of Eastern Orthodox churches.

But aside from these divisions of long-established churches, and apart from the great bodies of Roman Catholics and Jews, there are more than 100 minor sects, whose names, creeds and purposes are unknown to the vast mass of Americans—and most of them are flourishing. Altogether they number more than 2,000,000 adherents.

"Far from being an age of unbelief, this is an age of incredible faith," declares Ferguson. "Certain we cannot be said to be an irreligious nation; we are so religious that we have become perverse about it. It should be borne in mind that each sect I mention represents an entirely serious and emphatic departure from accepted religions; each is, to all intents and purposes, a new religion."

Some of the recent Protestant organizations noted by Ferguson are: The Apostolic Overcoming Holy Church of God, the Church of God, the (Original) Church of God, the Church of God, as Organized by Christ, the North American Old Roman Catholic church, the Pillar of Fire church, the Church of Daniel's band, the Churches of God, Holiness and the Pentecostal Holiness church.

28 Months a Mute, She Coughs and Talks

Salisbury, Md.—After being mute for 28 months, during which time specialists were able to give no assurance, according to her mother, that her power of speech would ever be regained, Martha Wells, nineteen, today speaks fluently after coughing up a small piece of tube about three-quarters of an inch in length.

In March, 1926, she underwent a tonsil operation. Afterward, according to the family, she became

unable to speak except in a bare whisper and with difficulty. While working at a local shirt factory recently Miss Wells was seized with a spell of coughing and emitted the tube but still there was no apparent change in the functioning of her vocal cords.

The next morning, however, she was taken suddenly ill with pains in her throat and a spell of cough which, she said, seemed to approach strangulation. The coughing brought her an unexpected relief and her older sister, Nida, was startled to hear a voice over her shoulder which, though unfamiliar for over two years, she recognized as that of her sister, exclaiming: "Nida, I can talk."

Now Here Is a Fish: Feet, Wings and Ears

Beach Haven, N. J.—This fish story cannot be told with gestures, because no one has an arm spread of 12 feet. Anyhow, its length—12 feet from head to tip of tail—is not the most remarkable feature of the strange creature hauled in from the deep here recently by fishermen.

It has a mouth 12 inches long on the top of its head, with no teeth and very hard gums. Its ears are like a pig's, except that in each ear is an eye, and the ears are at either end of the mouth. The gills, in a semi-circle, are four inches long, and near the front of the body are two feet, each seven feet long and each having two toes. Two wings like those of a bat have a spread of 9 feet. The creature is purple on the back and cream colored on the front. Fishermen believe it belongs to the ray family.

Grafting Grows Fruit Half Apple, Half Pear

Lynn, Mass.—A fruit, half apple and half pear, was picked recently from a tree in the orchard owned by William J. Murphy.

Last spring Murphy played the blossom of a Gravesteele apple within the blossom of a winter pear, fastening two blossoms together with a thin piece of wire. The experiment resulted in a fruit about one-third the size of a natural pear with a pear stem and many characteristics of both fruits.

Canada May Isolate Doukhobors on Island

Nelson, B. C.—Faced with another group of 200 religious Doukhobors now encamped just outside the city limits, local authorities and provincial officials were considering the possibility of removing the protesting religiousists to an island off the British Columbia coast should the group persist in staging nude demonstrations in protest of school and tax laws.

POULTRY

CARE OF PULLETS INFLUENCES EGGS

Fowls Should Be Developed Gradually to Save Vigor.

Their care and management largely determines the egg production to be expected from pullets through the winter months.

To force the growth of pullets by the continuous use of a heavy protein diet is poor practice, says O. C. Ufford, extension poultry specialist of the Colorado Agricultural college. They should develop gradually so as to have body vigor for the long and continuous period of heavy egg production.

The normal growing period for breeds of the Leghorn type is from five to six months when properly managed and fed, Ufford points out. Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds require from one to two months longer for their normal growth.

A good plan of management is to hatch early and start feeding a growing mash when the chicks are three or four weeks old, and continue it until they are three or four months old. When the pullet's comb begins to turn a bright red is good indication to cut down on animal food. After this, a slower growth of the egg organs is desired. It can be secured by elimination of the milk and the meat meal in the mash.

For one or two months prior to the time it is desired to bring the pullets into production, Ufford recommends a ration as follows: Corn meal, 35 pounds; ground wheat, 50 pounds; ground barley or oats, 10 pounds; and bone meal, 5 pounds. With such a ration they will put on body weight and fat. They will go into winter egg production with greater vigor and vitality as a result.

Laying Hen Has Full, Warm and Glossy Comb

The comb of a laying hen will be large, full, glossy and warm. It may be red in color, or it may be somewhat pale. On the other hand, the comb of a non-laying hen will be small, cold, pale and more or less scaly with a white dandruff scurf.

In handling birds during the summer months, great care should be taken, too, not to frighten them or cause them to be overheated during the culling process. Very often poultrymen mishandle their birds during the culling operation and injure egg production more than they save by the culling. A good time to do this present production culling is after dark.

Review Poultry Flock to Discover Defects

This is a good time to resolve to strengthen the weak places in the past season's work. Make a careful analysis of this year's poultry work and find out which phases have been profitable, and which phases have not. Were the chickens hatched too late? Did they discontinue feeding mash during the summer and bring on an early molt and did the hens net you \$1 each above all costs? Information is available on all of the above points.

POULTRY NOTES

Proper ventilation will help keep poultry houses cool.

A dust bath aids materially in the elimination of body lice and should be installed.

Making the day longer by artificial light, so the layers can eat more, helps fill the winter egg basket.

If your chickens are subject to winter sickness it may be because they aren't having enough fresh air.

One of the newer developments in chick raising is the use of electrically heated incubators and brooders.

Corn should not be fed on the ear, but should be shelled. It should be fed in the litter and may be cracked when convenient.

Remember that stock allowed to range over clean ground, away from contamination, makes the healthiest and best winter layers.

Extra space for the pullet flocks is far more important to the poultry keeper than the reservation of the cockerels for table purposes.

Poultry houses which are too high are usually cold and drafty in winter. This may be remedied, easily and cheaply, by putting in a straw loft.

Keep eggs in a cool and rather moist place. If artificial refrigeration is available, a temperature of about forty degrees Fahrenheit is preferable.

As green feed disappears and the garden stuff is cleared up, the laying hens will need some sort of green feed. Many practical poultry keepers depend upon green, leafy alfalfa during winter months.

Although it may seem that the birds are foraging an adequate food supply during the summer, their ration is often incomplete, and is very short of protein. Feeds rich in this material are not always given on the farm, and is a direct cause of the deficiency.

WAIT UNTIL NOVEMBER 9!

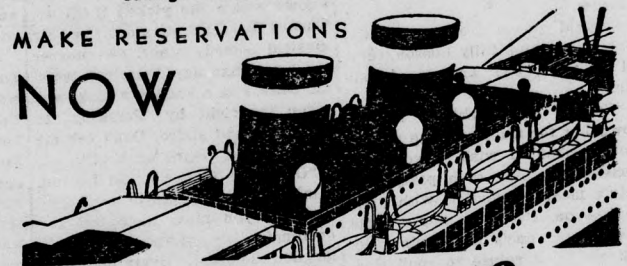
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Modern as tomorrow, this \$7,000,000 vessel... every stateroom is outside, many with private baths... built-in outdoor swimming pools, gymnasium, garage for your automobile, etc. ... Deck sports, dancing... a gay, happy time aboard. Sails Nov. 9 from San Francisco, Nov. 11 from Los Angeles.

Panama Canal and Havana en route
You pass through the gigantic Panama Canal in daylight, visit Panama City and ruins of Old Panama. Then cruise the romantic Caribbean to Havana. First cabin \$275 up; tourist cabin \$135 up. One way water, one way rail if you wish. Fortnightly sailings to and from New York.

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Mothers find it magic for scuffs

One touch of the dauber and scuffs disappear. Smooth, uniform color comes back to faded shoes. More than 50 marvelous shades. Colors for black, brown, tan and white shoes—a neutral polish for others.

BARTON'S DYANSHINE
SHOE POLISH



Find Size a Handicap

Gertrude Restoule, sixteen, of Sturgeon Falls, Ontario, has gone to a Toronto hospital to get thin, being perhaps the heaviest young woman in Canada. She weighs 450 pounds. A sister who weighs 375 pounds also will be taken to the hospital for treatment. The parents of the children are normal in weight.

To "pursue" happiness is to lose it.

No Brains

"She means well, but she doesn't use very much judgment." "No, she wanted to buy the blind beggar we passed a flashlight so he could see better to get around at night."—(Cincinnati) Enquirer.

Two new Diesel rail cars have been placed in service on a Swiss railway line which has many curves and rises 1,204 feet in a distance of 13 miles.

Waist Overalls for Men and Youths



Hen Paid for Trip

A story of a hen that laid an egg while flying a mile in the air sounds like nature faking, but one at Mays Landing, N. J., did it, although it cannot be said that it flew on its own wings. Instead of that the hen was sitting in a basket carried in an airplane. The hen belongs to young Jack Brogan, to whom was given the opportunity to make a flight. He wanted to take his hen along and it went in a basket and soon a fresh-laid white egg was found in the improvised nest. The boy was more pleased with the record egg-laying than he was with his first ride in an airplane.

If you wish beautiful clear white clothes, use Russ Ball Blue. Large package at Grocers.—Adv.

Expatriates Still Pensioned

If a soldier is receiving a pension, removal to a foreign country would not deprive him of it. During the World war the pensions of many Civil war veterans living in Germany were cut off, but this was owing to lack of communication between the two countries. After the war all these veterans received their back pension money.—Thunder Magazine.

Grammar is mostly learned from people who know how to speak correctly; not from a book.

The Right Way to Redye Fine Silks

Textile makers always use special dyes for silk or wool. They know that is the best way. The makers of Diamond Dyes are the first to enable home dyers to follow this plan. Next time you want to dye some of your more valuable articles of silk or wool, try the special Diamond Dyes in the Blue Package. They will give these materials clearer, more brilliant colors than any "all-purpose" dye. And they are just as easy to use as ordinary dyes. Like the white package Diamond Dyes, these dyes contain an abundance of the highest quality anilines. The blue package dyes silk or wool only; the white package dyes, or tints, any material. Either package; 15c, drugstores.

CALIFORNIA FLOWER BEADS
Make fine Christmas presents. Buy wholesale direct from factory. Catalog free. Mission Road Co., Dept. 2, Los Angeles, Calif.





Our Homes Are Our Castles

The very foundation of American life is the home.

A community is judged by its homes! As individuals, we are judged by our homes!

Five-sixths of the people of this community are living in family circles—homes. Over half of the space in this community is devoted to homes—houses and yards.

Fully half of our lifetime is spent in our homes. It is the center of our activities—the source of our greatest blessings.

Truly, our homes are our castles.

Your **banker** will tell you that the home is one of the greatest factors in the financial success of the average man and his family. It is usually the first and chief investment. Bankers will tell you that they loan more money to home owners than to any other class of people.

Public Officials will tell you that home owners are community builders. That the majority of the tax-payers are home owners and that they form the back-bone of the community structure.

The **real estate man** will tell you that more money is invested in homes and in home property than in anything else.

The **builder and contractor** will tell you that a true home, well financed, pays for itself. A home that will pay for itself and add to the convenience, comfort, pleasure, economy and efficiency of living, is the Ideal Home.

The **lawyer** will tell you that the home is the largest part of most estates,

inheritances, financial, as well as sentimental—that home loving people are law-abiding people.

The **insurance man** will tell you that a home and a family is a fine form of insurance—that home owners are good insurance risks.

The **churches** will tell you that the possessors of homes are the chief supporters of the church—that they provide the physical and material assistance necessary for the religious activity of the community.

The **schools** will tell you that the home is the greatest adjunct to education. That home owners largely pay for the building and maintenance of the schools.

Civic and commercial clubs admit that homes form one of the best advertisements for the town—that house yards are more extensive than parks, and their appearance more important to the "Town Beautiful."

Business, professional men and skilled labor will all tell you that the building, furnishing and maintenance of homes is necessary to their business. That aside from the financial gain for themselves they are interested in helping you plan, build and maintain your home, helping you beautify your grounds.

Home owners are a double asset to a community. They take nothing from the community, but contribute abundantly.

Nothing is more constructive in the upbuilding of our community than good homes. Nothing is more destructive in our community than sub-standard homes. One of the chief factors in the community's existence is the HOME.

*Let's exchange ideas on the "Home Beautiful" thought.
The undersigned are interested in helping*

CAMPBELL

BERNHARDT'S

CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

BUSY BEE RESTAURANT

MEALS AT ALL HOURS
CANDIES : CIGARS : CIGARETTES

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All Work Called For and Delivered
147 North Central Ave. Phone Campbell 167
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PRESCRIPTIONS, DRUGS AND SUNDRIES

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Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall.
Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings.
Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

LEGAL NOTICES

TAXES — 1929

Office of the TAX COLLECTOR, county of Santa Clara, State of California. San Jose, California, October 1, 1929.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the taxes for the fiscal year, commencing July 1, 1929, and ending June 30, 1930, will become due and payable:

First Installment. The tax on all personal property, a lien on or secured by land, and one-half of the tax on all real property will be due and payable Monday, October 21, 1929, and delinquent Monday, December 2, 1929 at 5 o'clock P. M. when 10 per cent will be added to all of said first installment remaining unpaid.

Second Installment. The remaining one-half of the tax on all real property will be due and payable January 13, 1930, and delinquent April 28, 1930, at 5 o'clock P. M. when 5 per cent will be added to all taxes remaining unpaid.

Taxpayers may, if they desire to do so, pay the whole tax in one payment.

For the purpose of receiving taxes I will be in Campbell at the American Trust Company Bank on Monday, November 4, 1929, during banking hours, and at the Tax Collector's office in the Hall of Justice building, corner of St. James and Market streets, San Jose, California, daily, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 5 o'clock P. M. to and including Monday, April 28, 1930.

The second installment is payable in the Tax Collector's office, San Jose.

THOMAS BODLEY,

Tax Collector of Santa Clara Cty.
(5 6 7 8 9 10)

Friendship Circle Met With Mrs. W. Merrill

The Friendship Circle of the Congregational church held its second meeting with Mrs. W. L. Merrill last Wednesday evening, with 22 members present.

The evening was spent in sewing for the children of the needy families of the community. Mrs. H. C. Smith read an interesting article on the Sunday school work in Utah, Nevada and Arizona. The next meeting of the circle will be with Mrs. Worthen Grattan.

SCHOOL NOTES

(Continued from Page 5)

this unearned thrill is fully paid for in the end.

When one has once acquired the habit of using dope he is willing to do anything in order to get the needed drug. He loses all his will power and his only fear is of jail, where he will suffer agonies without the stimulant.

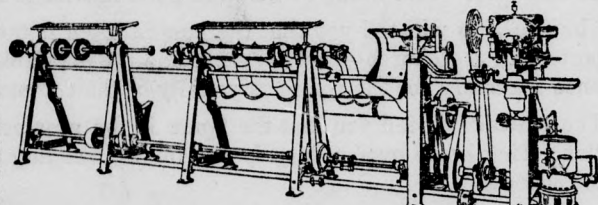
Opium is made from poppies which are grown in Oriental countries. This drug is taken into the system by means of a long pipe in which the opium is smoked in the form of little round balls or "pills." Morphine is derived from opium and is injected into the user's flesh. Hasheesh is a Mexican drug made from hemp and is taken in the form of cigarettes. It is used mostly in the south, and many high school boys unknowingly form the habit.

Narcotic users persuade others to become addicts because their habit makes them outcasts and they are lonely. One man even gave his own son dope to keep him company in his misery, but later repenting, told the police and asked their help to save the boy.

The state is trying to cure dope fiends, to protect young people from becoming enslaved by the habit. The state has built a large hospital in the south for Narcotic users and has offered to cure them free of charge, yet during the first two weeks of its existence, no one came to take advantage of this offer. Accordingly, the officials now give all known addicts the choice of going to the hospital or to jail. Some choose the hospital but others do not wish to serve a sentence until they can get their freedom and once again have the oblivion that their dope brings to them.

After completing his speech, Senator Benson thanked his audience for their attention, saying that he had enjoyed the hour. To make the program complete the students, led by Bob Prior, gave six rousing cheers for Senator Benson.

STRAYED—A large white and gray female cat, also a mottled gray kitten, part angora. Children's pet. Liberal reward. Call Campbell 153-F14 after 8 or bring to Box 59, San Tomas Road, Campbell.



This is the machine we use to give you a factory shoe repair job.

CAMPBELL SHOE HOSPITAL

Factory Methods Used
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Tree Props and Drying Trays a Specialty

All Kinds of Building Material
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Consumer Gets Benefit of all Discounts
We want your business, ask your confidence, and assure
the best of treatment

Local Agents for the New General Electric Refrigerator

Campbell Lumber Co.

Phone 113

Here's Howe

BY E. W. HOWE
"The Sage of Potato Hill"



No More Slaves—Politicians—No Wodk, No Dinner

There was a time when slavery was widespread, and slaves almost helpless. Now the Emancipation proclamation is worldwide in scope. There are no longer slaves except those of bad habits. The creditable and powerful people known as the Jews were once slaves of the Babylonians, but were able to overcome their masters; not by revolution, but by industry, efficiency, reliability, saving. Such information as their masters had, the Jews acquired and improved. And it was the patient workers who survived; the rowdy Babylonians disappeared from the face of the earth, and the Jews are today a notable people.

Politics is the funniest piece of sentiment in human affairs, and the worst rogues. Every politician is too great a friend of humanity when a candidate, and too great an enemy when elected, in attempts to carry out promises he knew in the first place were ridiculous. This is in the very nature of things, and I know of no remedy, except endeavor to improve the intelligence of voters. With voters as they are, there is no other way for politicians

First Meeting Of Club Is Well Attended

Fifteen members were present at the first official fall meeting of the Ada Rebekah Stitching club at the home of Mrs. P. H. Dunlap. Mrs. A. B. Covey assisted Mrs. Dunlap in entertaining. After a few hours of working luncheon was served on small tables prettily decorated in Halloween colors. Sweet cider and pumpkin pie were served as refreshments.

STOLEN from T. H. Martin blacksmith shop, one hydraulic jack. \$10 reward for information leading to arrest of thief. T. H. Martin.

to operate than as they do.

A life is like an automobile; we own one without knowing much about the intricate construction under the hood.

Every man who earns a fortune under rules men have agreed upon, is entitled to not only respect, but to distinction.

But I am not so certain as to his heirs, who, early in life, come into a fortune they have not earned. In many business institutions there are young idlers who receive more pay than other employees who succeed or fail on merit. Such young men cause dissensions hurtful to the business, and I observe that frequently in the best establishments, the sons of owners are compelled to take pot luck with the others; to put on overalls, and fight grease with those in the lower ranks, while the best offices are occupied by workers who have honestly earned the distinction.

This should be the rule everywhere and in everything; I do not know how it is to be brought about, but it is best that everyone be com-



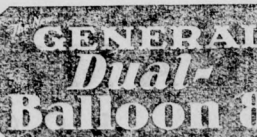
Non-skid Safety -- season after season

WITH the DUAL-Balloon you can face many seasons of slippery weather with a new feeling of security. It is a tire that will not go prematurely "bald." Long past the point where you would expect to be running on "bald headed" tires, the DUAL-Balloon will give you the full protection so important in this age of traffic emergencies. Guarantees that depend upon the user's running out a great part of the mileage on smooth rubber are poor insurance.

With rubber prices going up why take chances of paying more later on when you can buy tires now that will still be good when NEXT year rolls around.

Haliwell & Jones

"Opposite School"
CAMPBELL, CALIF.



Let us tell you how to get the DUAL-Balloon "B" on your New Car

Girl—I want to get a new song—"Funnyface."

Clerk (in music store)—You're not so good looking yourself.

Jack—You didn't see me last night; but I saw you twice.

Joan—I never notice men when they are in that condition.

Second (excitedly)—The bell's gone for the eleventh round!

Much-Bruised Boxer—Oh, let's sit this one out.

He—Surely I've seen you somewhere?

She—No, I've never been anywhere.

pelled to earn his way up, or stay down.

I am convinced it would be better in human society if this rule could be adopted:

No work—no dinner.

Everyone is better off for earning his own way; it makes him fairer, broader, easier to get along with.

Statesmen are trying to steal the big fortunes for public use, at the death of their legitimate owners. It may be a good idea. In one small town 33 rich widows, not one of whom has ever legitimately earned a penny, were counted. In some ways it is right; in more ways it is wrong. Let the people vote on it.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sturtevant who have been spending the summer near Proctor, Montana at the Lake Ronan resort returned to their home here Sunday.

Mrs. E. E. McLernon of San Francisco is visiting with Mrs. Rose Hanger.

Miss Montana Delbon who is teaching at Redwood City, was a recent visitor with Mrs. P. H. Dunlap.

Mr. and Mrs. Elber Clark, who have been living in one of the Grizzle apartments since their marriage some months ago, have moved to San Jose where they expect to reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wehmeyer were Sunday visitors in San Francisco.

Doctor—H'm! Severe headaches, bilious attacks, pains in the neck—h'm! What is your age, madam?

Patient (coolly) — Twenty-four, doctor.

Doctor (continuing to write)—H'm! Memory affected, too!

Wife—What 'ave you got there, Bill?

Bill—Only a bull-pup.

Wife—Where do you think you're goin' to keep it when it's a full-grown bull?

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By Terry Gilkison

PINKY DINKY and His Gang

